The Fireside.

BETROTHED.

Beneath the twilight's brooding shade
She lingered; 'twas a maid,
Fair haired and beautiful of mien and eye,
Who lonely, by the limpid pool,
Breathed the sweet burden of a sigh,
And felt the kiss of breezes cool.
Simple she was and womanly;
And if sad thoughts can be
Where innocence and pure love make their home,
I deemed that in her eye were some
Dark rays of sorrow vaguely traced,
Which hope or joy had not effaced,
As when the wayward brooklet thrills
With eddies, then, ere long,
By qu'et nook, sighs in deep wells, and stills
Its fitful course of laughing song,
To question, there—or seemingly—
Its virgin passion for the sea.
So did her face betoken now
The fervor of her vow,
And now a voiceless meaning, half of dread,
A dim foreboding thought to wed
A shadow with her love, what time
The marriage bells should haply chime;
And, ah! the timid glances, soft,
That peered so, downfalling,
And flush of cheek that, tell-tale, fain would oft,
Like red'ning blossoms in the spring,
Commingle with the deeper gleams,
And light the sombre of her dreams—
All these, like soft enchantments, passed
In mute, impassioned glows,
Illumining eye and face with thoughts that cast
A sweet uncertainty. "Who knows,"
I said, "the secret of her heart?"
O love, thou hast a matchless heart!

—*S. H. Thayer.*

Money, Mind and Character.

I know how much the temper of the times suffers from the strain brought upon our youth, especially in large cities, to acquire wealth before daring to marry, in the recognition that this young country gauges success more by the amount of "spread eagle" shown, than by the actual quiet merit and downright worth of mind and heart. Cleverness takes the place of character in politics and private life. After graduation at Yale among a group of young fellows oppressed by the same nightmare, as they entered practical life, I went abroad to study, spending some six years in direct contact with the people of many countries, and noticing with surprise how much more soundly (and indeed more democratically, as in France), social deference was differentiated on higher basis than mere material prosperity. In our competition for honors, many of the highest were awarded to aspirants entirely on the basis of personal capacity and attainment, and the most responsible and honorable public opportunities were opened to them independent of their origin or wealth. Thus we felt immediately the noble and only stimulus of direct competition on actual merit or honorable endeavor. On returning to New York and starting in life here, I find another standard prevailing. High character and real capacity are often ignored or belittled. Sharpness, cheek, bumptious ignorance, and, above all, a monetary standard of merit obtains to an alarming degree, throwing places of responsibility and trust open to those who are in no sense properly fitted for the honorable conducting of them. As to marrying, that which in general every young man of "sound mind in a sound body" ought to contemplate, on attaining maturity, I find vice increasing, and the difficulties in the way of honest wedlock augmenting, owing to the departure from simple living, such as prevails in Europe, and to our not understanding the economies and proportions of living. Many of my old comrades of college or of commercial life I found halting under the oppression of social requisitions which were either inflated, meretricious, or absolutely wrong. Now I want to say to any of the young men or young women among our readers who may glance at these lines, I have found by practical experience as a married young man, that happiness in life, whether here or in Europe, consists not so much in obedience to those social codes of Draco, that dwarf or dry up our sweetest experiences, cobweb our brains with phantoms, and bewilder or prevent our largest development, as in obedience to a higher law of the Almighty. "Let every man have his wife, and every woman her husband. * * * Let him rejoice in the wife of his youth. * * Multiply and replenish the earth." "Better the poor man who walketh in his integrity," commencing honestly and advancing industriously, contented with simple beginnings so long as the happy hours of honest love and labor be shared all the way up with her who, if she truly comprehends the noble name God gave her of helpmeet to him, may have to him a price far above rubies, or brown stone fronts, or gloved ushers, or a brass band, or Penard entertainments. My wife and I commenced life by taking a deserted school-house at a low rent, and by loving fingers, earnest labor, and doing in the main our own house-work, converted it into so sunny and sweet a little home, that many a weary millionaire might envy us. To her brave and loving sympathy, backed by willing hands, I owe not only some of the best impulses and priceless experiences of life, but even the stimulus to later growths and achievements, and I might even add under God, to my attaining the honorable post of instructor in one of our foremost colleges.—*Christian at Work.*

...vagance.

...winds up his rejoinder ...our remarks upon his article on the benefits of extravagance to the community with the statement that the rich spendthrift is to be preferred to the rich miser for a neighbor. This appears to be the sum of all he has to say on the subject. As for us, we should be puzzled to choose between the two evils; but what, may we ask, is the sense of shutting ourselves up to a choice between two evils? There are surely other sorts of people in the world than spendthrifts and misers. We may say, at least, that the miser's hoard is not wasted uselessly, nor in corrupting his neighbors by the sight and example of wastefulness. Misers die, and the wealth they were afraid to make use of comes perhaps into better hands, and does some good. But the spendthrift ruins himself, corrupts his associates, and so far as he employs labor, employs it upon the production, mainly, of useless or injurious things. What we need, socially and politically in this country at this time, is a return to honest and moderate ways of living and thinking. The vast fortunes made by rascality are mostly spent in ways utterly demoralizing to our people and our government.

ON the cooking of rice, a correspondent of *The Miller* gives the following directions: "Just put the rice into boiling water, with a little salt, and let it boil twenty minutes; strain the water away, and dash it over with cold water and strain once more; put the rice back again into the sauce-pan and cover with a cloth, and let it stand near the fire until required for dishing up. Thus prepared, it is a delicious dish. We used to take four times the time and ten times the trouble, but we never had a dish to bear the least comparison with rice prepared as above."

Revenge in the Nursery.

In these days when insignificant causes are credited with large results, and trivial influences are recognized as potent factors in development, it may not be amiss to scan with critical eyes even our most familiar nursery ways, lest traits not altogether charming may be unconsciously fostered by them. This occurred to me the other day with the freshness of a new idea when I saw a fair and gentle young mother, quite an ideal Madonna, instigate her baby to retaliation when he thumped his head against a chair. "Naughty chair, to hurt the baby!" cried mamma, eager to divert the little fellow and check his tears. "Baby pound the chair." Whereupon, with a vindictive wrinkle across his little nose, he pounded and was comforted. His mother, glad of restored cheerfulness, smiled on the performance. It seems usually to be assumed in the nursery that all a baby's mishaps are malicious and unprovoked attacks upon him. No venerable piece of furniture is supposed to be too sedate to assault the youngster in his lurching rambles around the room, and when the crash comes, it is always this unprincipled assailant—never the baby—who is to blame, and nurses smile to see the baby forget to cry in his vigorous retaliation. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to know how much of the inconsiderate treatment of others and the lack of appreciation of the consequences to another of our own acts, which we see in later life, is due to, or at least encouraged by, these nursery tactics. It is such a strong impulse of human nature to impute blame to another and shirk it one's self, that a few years of irresponsibility and revenge in the nursery must give this impulse a chance to become a habit and strike deep root in some congenial soils. The small boy who bullies the nursery furniture and considers somebody else responsible for every infantile bump, will bully his playmates by and by, and accuse every one but himself when things go wrong; and the little fist that was so quick to pound an offending chair will ill bear restraint when a comrade offends. This applies more especially to those autocrats of the nursery, only children, or children so much younger than their brothers and sisters that they miss the wholesome friction and restraint of conflicting and occasionally dominating interests. But in every family where children are under the care and influence of nurses there is occasion for discretion in this matter. The mother of one imperious little fellow early recognized his tendency to self-assertion and resentment under supposed injury. As she had special reason to dread the development of these traits in him, she sought, while he was a mere baby, to modify them. Whenever the baby's head and the door-knob came in collision they were mutually condoled with, while baby was made to feel that he was the trespasser. A severe bout with the rocking-chair was compromised to the satisfaction of all parties by the application of brown paper to the forehead of the baby and the rocker of the chair. It was found that the supposed injuries of his fellow-sufferer diverted his attention from his own, serving that purpose as well as the retaliatory method, while teaching him self-forgetfulness and sympathy. It did not seem wholly laughable to that mother when, at three years of age, she saw him, supposing himself to be alone, turn and apologetically kiss the door-step upon which he had inconsiderately slipped and bumped. The child was one who instinctively thought every injury intentional, and whose native impulse was a revengeful blow or kick. A temperament sensitive to affront, misconstruing the slightest act into an insult, quick in resentment and slow in forgiveness, inevitably brings keen pain to all lives closely associated with it, and any modification of these traits during childhood is a far-reaching blessing. This mother felt that, although her imperious and hot-tempered little man might grow into an imperious and hot-tempered big man, he would never be so inconsiderate of others as he might have been, had he not kissed that door-step. Thoughtfulness for others and a sense of mutual responsibility certainly can be taught very young children; and one of the many ways to teach it—one of the little ways which it is not safe to ignore or disrespect—is not to let even the baby suppose that anybody or anything wantonly injures him; to teach him that accidents are purely accidents, for which he is likely to be as much to blame as any one else—often the most so—and that, if he is hurt, he must not forget that the other party may be hurt too, and needing sympathy as much as he. It is a frequent thing to see large children angrily resenting the most evident accidents, and sullenly reiterating, "He meant to," "he meant to hurt me—see if I don't pay him for it," etc., etc. Defective nursery training must share with natural depravity the responsibility for some of these unlovely manifestations. Magnanimity may be a virtue of slow growth, but the seed should be planted all the earlier and tended the more carefully for that reason. Since the small things of life sum up its happiness, and the every-day mental attitude and mood of a friend affects our comfort more than spasmodic exhibitions of the greatest nobility or heroism, no ungracious tendency is too insignificant or possible grace too elusive for thoughtful treatment in the development of a child.—*Mary H. Burton, in Our Continent.*

The Grandeur of Woman.

When you want to get the grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or of Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with the needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then, at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother, mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus! going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behaviour a sorrow to the good and a caricature to the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.—*Dr. Talmage.*

"I HAS been axed several times o'late," remarked Brother Gardner as he opened the meeting in his usual bland manner, "if we war to have any new mottoes or proverbs or maxims for de summer sezen. De committee on sayin's has handed in the follerin' bill o' fare for hot weather: 'He who sleeps by day will hunger by night.' 'Industry am de peg on which Plenty hangs her hat.' 'Argment has three enemies to one friend.' 'Men who go to law must expect to eat deir 'taters widout salt.' 'De biggest balloon kin be packed in a bar'l when de gas am out.' 'De rattle of de empty wagon kin be heard furder dan de rumble of de loaded one.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*